

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Cheaper Radio—

Thanks to Spaghetti

SPAGHETTI is going to make workshop, pausing only to buy it possible for you to buy a packet of spaghetti on the cheaper radio valves after the war.

This apparent paradox is simply another example of wartime urgency become a peacetime boom, for it was a troublesome war production bottleneck which led to a highly unorthodox but brilliantly successful manufacturing process.

In the manufacture of radio valves for fighting equipment, the method of making the coiled filaments of the valves was slow.

This method consisted of winding the filament wire tightly on to tiny steel spindles, which then had to be withdrawn without damaging the delicate finished coil.

It was a young electronics engineer who solved the problem.

He began by deciding that steel was quite the wrong material for the spindles. What was wanted was a substance which could be made to disappear instead of having to be removed laboriously by hand.

But even the astounding variety of new materials now available to research workers failed to supply him with just the thing he needed.

He obtained it, finally, through a flash of inspiration while lunching at a restaurant. Spaghetti! That was the stuff!

Without waiting to finish his lunch, he hurried back to his

Pat Spencer

THE mail boat is in again, so thanks for your letters, and it's me saying it on behalf of "Good Morning" editorial staff.

The longest letter for quite a while comes from a gentleman who wishes to remain anonymous. The writer's address is given as H.M. Submarine "Tudor."

The letter opens with thanks for the pin-up girls. Sorry we can't get the real thing in regulation envelopes, but guess you will make do. (Don't forget that we have a staff ready and waiting to get you pictures of anyone or anything you like.)

Glad my getting around gives you some amusement; it gives me a lot of fun, too. Anywhere in particular you would like to hear about? My skates have just had a refit, so I'm straining at the leash. Anyway, the novelty of playing peek-a-boo with V bombs is wearing off, so I'd be glad of a change.

J. S. Newcombe is glad to hear that his stamp articles are being read, and Derek Richards goes double on that about his photo-features. Both welcome queries.

The writer suggests that we run Buck Ryan every day and all the strips on Sunday. Afraid that can't be done on account of the strips being drawn for a six-day newspaper. About the serials; you will probably notice that your suggestion has already been adopted. Thanks for the idea anyway.

The special pin-up pictures which were requested by the respective messes are in "Good Morning" 562. Hope they pasted down well.

Good wishes are never out of season, Sir. We reciprocate them heartily.

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

MANAGERESS Mary Thompson writes from the Good Evening Club to thank me for the prints of the photographs I took during my visit to "Forth" last summer. So the

boys made cracks about the pictures finding their way into the paper, did they? I wonder what those naughty sailors thought?

Delighted to hear the club was able to go gay for New Year celebrations, Mary. Sorry, though, we didn't hear about it in time to send up "Fuse" Wilson for some pictures.

The special prints for the canteen walls are on the way. Hope you like them.

LEUT. M. B. ST. JOHN, captain of a new submarine, writes advising that the bulkheads are a little bare. Hope the pictures on the way will be of use, Sir. Your request for games has been passed on to the department that deals with dominoes and things, and soon you should be getting some games.

Your message to Mr. Cecil King has been passed on, and although I was unable to locate the director at the time, I am sure he was delighted to hear that you are well.

Good wishes are never out of season, Sir. We reciprocate them heartily.

SEEING STARS ON THE ICE

WITH photographer George Greenwell, I recently saw two young ice-skating stars in the making going through their paces under the watchful eye of coach Arnold Gerschwiler at Richmond Ice-Drome.

We went down there with the intention of seeing one young star, but were rewarded for our journey by finding a second young star, or should I use the term "starlet"?

A local girl is 17-year-old Shirley Burke, who has been skating for only three years, but is already well on her way to winning her National Skating Association Gold Medal. Shirley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Burke, of Barnes, has a brother who is a ballet dancer, and a sister in the W.A.A.F.

The problem was nine-tenths solved. He had only to iron out the one-tenth difficulty—the fact that spaghetti as eaten varies infinitesimally in shape and diameter—to achieve the perfect process and break the production bottleneck.

This final small snag, as so often happens, took a great deal longer to smooth out than the main problem had taken to solve.

Eventually the young engineer designed a special die which fits into the ordinary spaghetti-making machine, and results in the stuff being turned out endlessly to an accuracy within one-thousandth of an inch.

The tooling-up of radio valve factories for the new process is by no means a difficult task, and will result in more valves per hour at a cheaper rate of production.

So your B.B.C. symphony concerts may be coming to you soon via a stick of spaghetti!

Pat Spencer

tent skater, and is numbered among the 150 holders of the N.S.A. Gold Medal.

Valda was no more than nine and a half years of age when she gained this award, and the day she chose for this feat is one that will go down in history. The day was June 6th, 1944, better known as D-Day.

Not only was Valda the youngest person ever to gain the Gold Medal, she also went through the whole figure and free skating exhibition to the complete satisfaction of the judges without having to repeat a single movement, which, I believe, is something of an achievement.

She has been studying under Arnold Gerschwiler since she was two and a half, and was skating almost before she could walk. In those days she had to be lifted from her pram on to the ice, and even then she was quite the temperamental star, and often declared "Baby doesn't want to skate to-day"!

Valda did the first three years of her training at Wembley Stadium, but when Arnold left for Richmond she went too,

and has continued training under him ever since.

At the age of three she won her first competition by beating two other youngsters in a competition for four-year-olds and under, to win the "Sunshine Home for Blind Babies Cup."

Her teacher, too, is an unusual person. Arnold Gerschwiler is a Swiss who learned his skating in England. He came over to this country and first learned to skate at Golders Green in 1930. He won his Silver Medal the following year, and gained the premier honour a year later.

He has a brother, Jack, who was responsible for the training of some of our leading skaters, and a nephew, Hans, who, under the guidance of his uncle, won the Swiss Championship in 1939.

Yes, these stars of to-morrow are certainly in good hands, and I for one will be surprised if they don't go far.

Valda Osborn



Leading Seaman Ken Swann with his wife Rose, brother George, and sister Gracie, photographed at St. Helier Estate, Carshalton, Surrey.

Seaman Swann was Married! He Opened the Door for this Picture

SOMETHING of a surprise name of Donald Riack, but greeted our reporter when when asked about Donald, he he called at 4 Lindoss Road, very mysteriously replied, St. Helier Estate, Carshalton. "What didn't he used to get up to?"

How's the rum going, Dusty Miller? Len often wonders about it, and he also asked to send his greetings to Tim Riley, Bill Barker and Roy Archer.

He finished with a special message for Jock Jolly, to whom he sends his regrets at not being able to meet, but he hopes to see you soon, Jock.

As he had only got married the previous week, we gave him our best wishes, and got a photograph of the lucky fellow with his bride. Also in the picture are Len's young brother George—another sailor, who is hoping to get on submarines—and his sister Gracie.

One thing Len will want to know next time he sees "Honest Bert" Trench is the whereabouts of a certain sum of money he placed on a dead cert. through you, Bert. It appears that Len's gamble came off, but from that day to this he hasn't seen the bookie.

Len was also wondering whether "Drummer" Drake was enjoying one of his sober spells. He thought it most unlikely. He also mentioned the

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

So the games did eventually reach Trident! When I got back from Forth I saw the guardian of the games room,

Ron Richards

London is City of Spyholes Says Stuart Martin

YOU'D be surprised how you are noticed when you visit London. It is a city of spy-holes.

If you are in Trafalgar Square, look at the pillar on the east end of the parapet, next the Underground entrance.

Long perpendicular openings are in the stone. They are spy-holes by which the police watch the Square when any demonstration is there.

There is another in the Marble Arch; and one in the Wellington Arch; and others elsewhere.

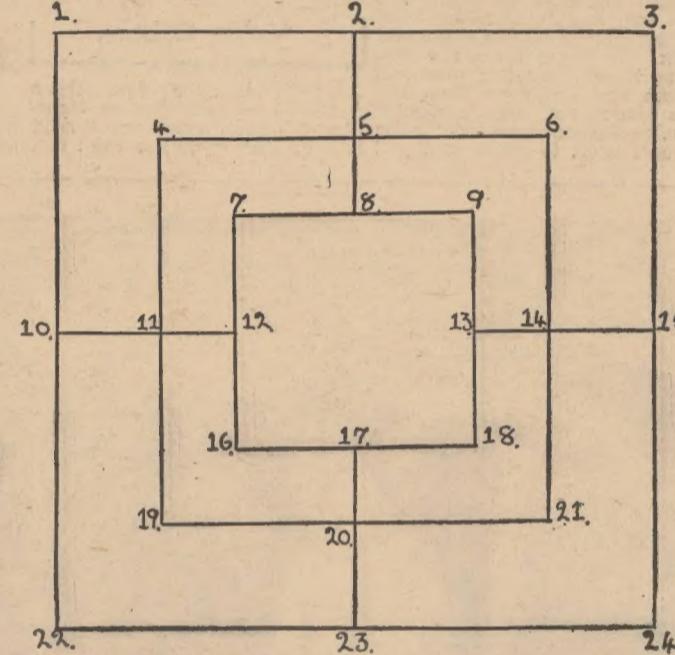


There is a spy-hole in the House of Commons. It is used by an official who watches when the House is sitting. He operates the blinds so that the sunshine never gets into the face of any speaking Member.

But there is a spy-hole that has ceased to exist.

It was a hole bored in the vestry door of the City Temple by Dr. Parker, the famous preacher, so he could see how many were in the congregation.

Nine Men's Morris . . . (it's as old as Greece) and here's how to play it, told by J. M. MICHAELSON



If this is not the oldest game in the world, it is certainly one of the oldest, played in ancient Greece and Rome, as tiles with the simple markings required have shown. It was popular in mediaeval England, where it was played in the open on grass marked out in the peculiar pattern required and shown in the diagram.

The game itself is somewhere between draughts and noughts and crosses, can be played by a child, but is also exceedingly skilful.

The apparatus required is simply a board marked as shown and nine each of two different kinds of "men." It is very simple to improvise. The lines can be drawn heavily on a large sheet of paper, and if no draughtsmen are available, counters, different coloured buttons, or even pennies and halfpennies, can be used as "men."

The game is for two players, each with nine men to prevent you opening and shutting the mill first and to block his opponent's moves towards the same end. But the ideal position at which to aim, and an almost unbeatable one, is a "double mill," that is the formation of two different mills at the same time, so that it is almost impossible for your opponent to remove another of your opponent's mills.

In the next article I will give some of the finer points in play.

EACH player in Nine Men's Morris strives to form a mill first and to block his opponent's moves towards the same end. But the ideal position at which to aim, and an almost unbeatable one, is a "double mill," that is the formation of two different mills at the same time, so that it is almost impossible for your opponent to remove another of your opponent's mills.

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The men can be moved only along the lines—from 1 to 2 or 3 to 2—and not across the diagonals—from 1 to 4, for instance, is not permitted.

The game starts with the players alternately placing one man on the board in any vacant space until all 18 men are in position. The object of the game is to get three men in a row—technically known as "making a mill," and therefore each player will take care to place his men so that his opponent doesn't start with three in a row.

If player "X" puts his first two men on 1 and 2, player "Y" must block him by putting his next man on 3.

When each player has placed his nine men, they move alternately into the vacant spaces 8-9-13, for with 7 and 18 open your opponent trying to get three men in a line, to make a mill must actually be on a line; 1-4-7, not always an advantage to get a mill early on. for instance, does not make a mill, nor 11-12-13. The mill "locks" your men. There are obvious But 2-5-8, 7-12-6, and so on, are mills. It will advantages in having the first move, but often be seen there are 16 possible positions for mills. equally effective, although not such obvious

On forming a mill, a player is entitled to move one of his opponent's men from the board. game has astonishing possibilities, and, so far He may choose any man he likes, provided it as I know, has defied "analysis" in the same is not part of a complete mill.

The game continues until one player has only two men left, when, obviously, he can no longer form a mill.

A variation played by some people alters the rule that men must move only along the lines and cannot jump other men when one player is "broken" before it can be used again to move his men on to any vacant space, whether another of the opponent's pieces. For instance, adjacent or not, while his opponent continues you form the mill 4-5-6 and remove one of your moving only along the lines.

Meet the Skeleton Girl

invites Barney Bedford

but surely killing her, a nineteen-year-old girl determined to do others. something that would give other young people a better chance in life than she had had.

She called the family doctor in and whispered to him, "When I die—and I know it won't be long now—see that my body goes to a medical school."

The doctor did as he was asked.

Now listen to the story of how "Mac" came to be "Evelyn's" owner.

"It was this way," he told me. "I've always been keen on first-aid, and I wanted a skeleton to could have had." Mac told me. demonstrate with—so I contacted "I get proof of that almost every old pal of mine who was at a week, because one or other of my old pupils writes to tell me of how he helped to bind his mate's wounds out there in the front line. Maybe he stopped an artery that had been severed—may be he set a broken bone."

"I paid a bob for her skeleton."

"She's seen life since I bought her," he added. "My young students christened her Evelyn. She's been in two severe air raids, but despite the fact that she was

ringed with fires, I got her out safely."

As she lay on her death-bed, her slim body torn with the incurable disease that was slowly Realise if you can that this girl's her: but I can't, so here is her skeleton.

Hundreds of youngsters have passed through Mac's first aid classes. Each one of them knows practically everything about anatomy—and Evelyn has been the blackboard and general instruction chart.

Many of those eager class-room kids have put that know-

ledge to good use—on the battle-

field, after street-corner acci-

dents, at ball games.

The skill of these youngsters is the best memorial that Evelyn

aid, and I wanted a skeleton to could have had," Mac told me.

"I get proof of that almost every old pal of mine who was at a week, because one or other of my old pupils writes to tell me of how he helped to bind his mate's wounds out there in the front line. Maybe he stopped an artery that had been severed—may be he set a broken bone."

"Even my grandson Billy saved his own life—thanks to Evelyn. He cut himself badly while playing, but managed to bandage himself properly, and save himself from bleeding to death."

Evelyn was some gal. I only

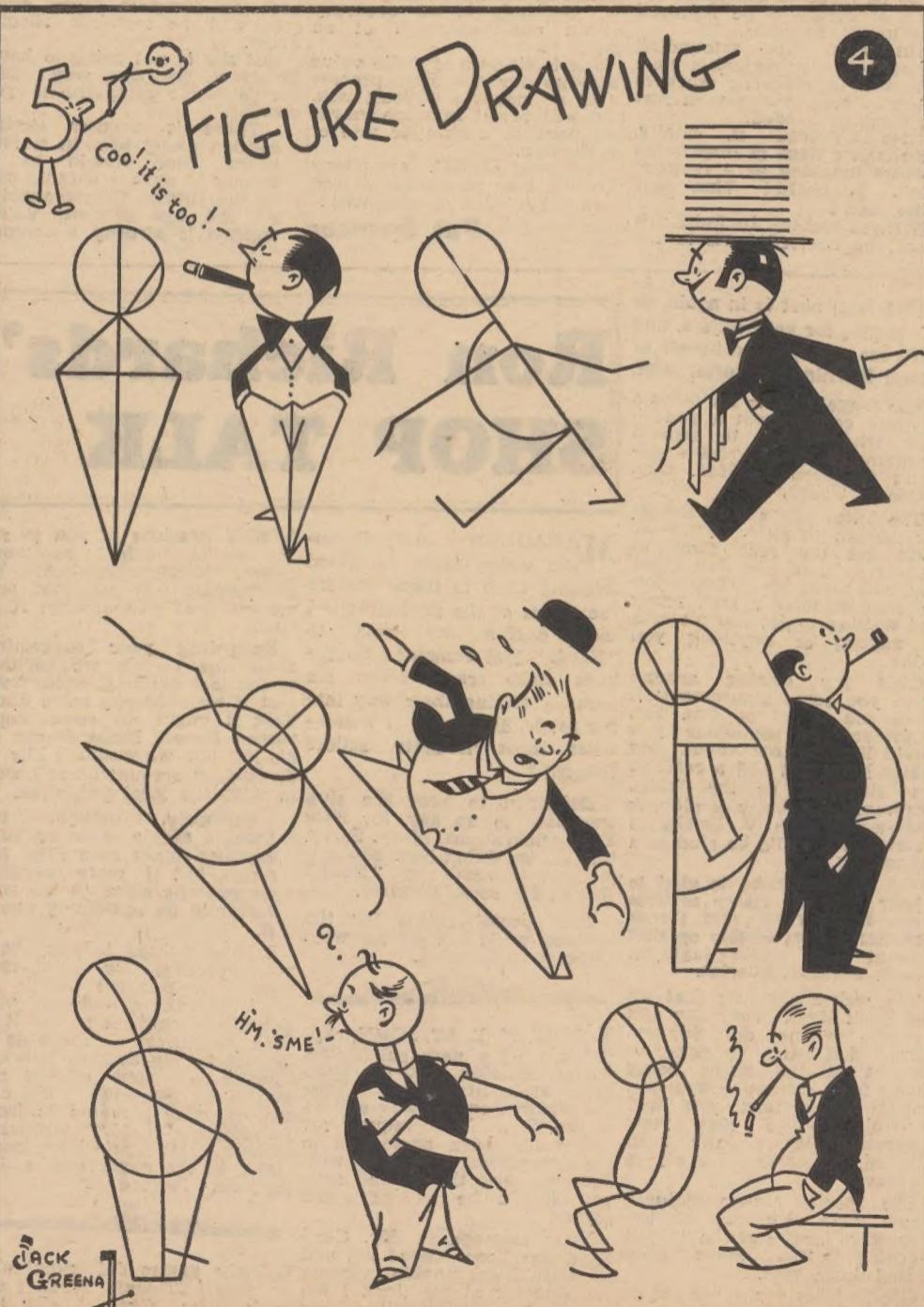
wish I could show you a picture of her: but I can't, so here is her

If you take the trouble to go to the Yorkshire village of Kippax, you may meet 71 year young Jim McKenzie and Evelyn.

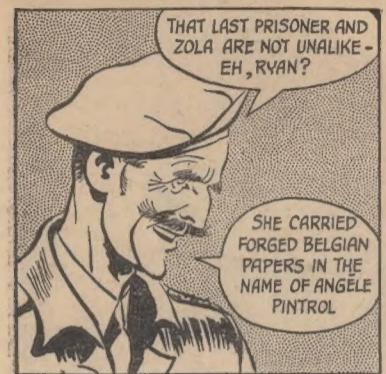
Evelyn is a skeleton that has saved the lives of dozens of Servicemen on the world's battle fronts.

The story of Evelyn is a saga. As she lay on her death-bed, her slim body torn with the incurable disease that was slowly

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL : FIGURES.—Six little men are drawn here. Each one to the left is shown a little geometric shape. These geometric shapes are the foundation for each little man. Draw this first, using a farthing for heads and a penny for bodies. The little sitting man's body is based on a bean. Draw all diagrams in pencil first; ink in the complete figure last.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

THE British restrictions on the import and export of stamps, about which I have been writing these past few weeks, are having their effects on the temper and judgment of dealers on both sides of the Atlantic, and a certain hostility is becoming apparent in the American journals to British methods. The "Weekly Philatelic Gossip" recently printed two articles by American contributors, attacking British Colonial issues, the first headed, "They Need De-bunking," and the other "It's Politics, British Style." You may like to hear a part of what they have to say.

It is an indisputable fact (writes L. T. Hill) that current stamps issued for all British Colonies are available for and actually do postal duty to a greater or less extent, but it would seem that there should be some line drawn as to the number of inhabitants of any locality for which a separate postal issue is deemed a necessity.

Another point that is brought to mind in this connection is that the necessity for postal issues in any territory should hardly be judged entirely by the population, but rather by the literate percentage of that population. I believe I once read in connection with some of the French Colonies that many long sets were issued almost entirely for the benefit of natives who could not

write and had no one to write to if they could. This would certainly also seem to hold good with regard to many British possessions, as for example Papua, described as a dependency of Australia, which has an estimated population of 338,822, but only 1,822 Europeans included.

We have not the figures on how large a proportion of the native population can read and write, and how much correspondence they carry on, but it would appear in the face of these facts that a postal issue of 16 values to the pound, an Air Mail issue of six values, and 12 Officials, would be in excess of legitimate postal needs.

The population of Cyprus is said by the World Almanac to be more than half illiterate. Basutoland has been set aside as a reservation for the South African natives.

We noticed a very strong criticism in one of the English publications of the fact that the Norwegian Government had appointed a stamp firm as the sole distributor of its stamps in Great Britain and the U.S.A. We quite fail to reconcile this criticism with our understanding of the method of distribution of the stamps of the British Colonies, which we believe to be the sale by the Crown Agents of a certain minimum quantity of stamps to a selected group of wholesalers on their approved list at a premium over face.

Taken all round, it seems to be a very one-sided proposition — the English send over thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stamps, sell us any quantity of new issues, at a premium over face, and won't let their own people spend a thin dime with the U.S.



Take the case of only one colony — the Falkland Islands (writes Mannee Hahn in the same paper). The Falklands have had stamps since 1878, and values run all the way to one pound. And lately it has issued overprinted stamps of each of the semi-deserted "dependencies."

Politics. . . . The issuing of stamps for these places was notice to the world that Britain claims these lands, and the stamps are proof that the "sovereign right" of a nation has been exercised. It is tantamount to "staking a claim" in world politics.

Why separate issues for Papua and New Guinea, when both are part of the same island? Politics. "New Guinea," before World War No. 2, was a mandate from the League of Nations, administered by Australia. Papua, formerly British New Guinea, was a territory administered by Australia. Politically and financially they were separate governments, and needed separate stamp issues.

We can go through the whole alphabet and explain a good political reason for every British colonial issue.

Illustrated this week are two further values in the German "Heroes' Day" charity set, and a French (Pétain Government) commemorative showing Bugeaud, hero of the Battle of d'Isly, in 1844.

Good Morning

"SHE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE."

That's what the Americans said of Hazel Franklin, 19-year-old from Bournemouth, who took New York by storm when she appeared in the "Ice Follies" at Madison Square Garden.



ICE CAPADES!



Here's a mystery that we can't explain. Why do so many girl skating champs come from old England—a country where outdoor skating is so rarely possible? Here's a page of fairies of the silver skates—and every one an English girl.

Megan Taylor, daughter of the famous English trick skater, Phil Taylor, won the World's Amateur Figure Skating Championship for women in 1937.



World's favourite for post-war skating champion is graceful Daphne Walker, who, in 1939, when she was 14, won the International Skating Competition in Budapest.



Fairy-footed Valda Osborn is only 10 years old, but she bids fair to become a champion of champions, as Derek Hebenton tells on the front page.

LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD.

Believe it or not, Shirley Burke can do this sort of thing easily, after having been skating for only three years! We've been skating now for 30 years, and next week we're going to try to go without holding on to the bar! Trouble is, we've never had Arnold Gerschwiler to train us—which probably explains why, unlike Shirley, nobody has ever tipped us for Championship honours.



Belita Jepson-Turner, who, as Belita, now has her name in lights outside every picture palace in the country, is the lovely star of Pathé's "Lady, Let's Dance."

Cecilia Collidge, now a driver in the M.T.C., and one-time winner of the European Figure Skating exhibition, is busy practising for post-war competitions.